

# The Highland Weekly News.

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## Poetry.

### OVER THE WAY.

When I look back on my dear old days,  
And think of the joys I gathered there,  
I envy some one who lives over the way,  
My very good friend, who lives over the way.

But when I think of my pleasant friends,  
And count o'er the joys I've had there,  
I envy some one who lives over the way,  
My very good friend, who lives over the way.

No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,  
Or any my friend who lives over the way,  
I'll write him a letter, and tell him I'm glad,  
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

### FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love  
Until we come to leave;  
An aged tree, a common flower,  
A simple pleasure in the air,  
That brings us back the past again,  
We value while we have it,  
And when it's gone, we find it  
A precious memory to have.

## A Story for the Times.

### CASH DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"O dear! I wish there was no money in the world," said Jacob Jones, as he crumpled in his hand a piece of paper, which he had just taken from an envelope; "or," he added in a low voice, "that I had a great deal more of it than has, thus far in life, fallen to my lot."

"What have you there?" enquired the wife of Mr. Jones, looking up from her work, and speaking in a subdued voice.

"Parker's bill," answered the husband.

"Ah! how much is it?"

"Seventy dollars."

"No!" said Mrs. Jones, and she gave a start as she made the exclamation, while a slight paleness overspread her face.

"It's too true, though I didn't dream of it being over thirty or forty. But running accounts always make long journeys in a short time. Ah, me! Money, Money, Money! It is the bane of my life!"

"Money or credit, Jacob?" said Mrs. Jones, looking up timidly as she said this, and in evident doubt as to the effect of the question, for Mr. Jones was one of your sensitive, self-willed men, who can never bear to be thought in the wrong.

"The question was so pertinent and timely, that it reached home. And it came so unexpectedly that Mr. Jones hardly knew which way to be vexed, angry, amused or convinced of error. The reader will better understand the case after a brief retrospection.

The income of Mr. Jones was not large, yet sufficient for the comfortable support of his family, had he not been afflicted with a singular mania, which showed itself in a strange aversion to paying cash for everything—that is, anything useful. Mrs. Jones, on the contrary, had a particular horror of running up accounts. If she lacked the means of buying any needed article, she preferred doing without it altogether to purchasing it on credit. Mr. Jones liked to have money in his pocket. It made him feel uncomfortable poor if his purse was empty.

But, unfortunately, he was a man of many wants, and we fear with little grain of covetousness in his heart, for to look upon an attractive thing was he instantly followed by a desire to possess it. This being so, it was not strange that the money carried in his pocket was ever diminishing, and that he could not always tell what had become of it.

"I am going out this morning," said Mrs. Jones, about six months previous to the time our story commences—"and I wish you to let me have ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" Mr. Jones shrugged his shoulders. "What are you going to buy?"

"I want a piece of muslin, for one thing, and—"

"Oh, well, Mary, I can arrange all that for you, easily enough. I haven't the money to spare this morning, but I'll stop in at Parker's as I go down, and tell him to let you have whatever you want. You'll find him a very pleasant man to deal with, and he will be glad to get our custom."

"It don't matter particularly to-day," said Mrs. Jones, her countenance falling, and her voice becoming a little husky. "I can wait until to-morrow."

"But I am not sure that I'll have the money to spare to-morrow. Business is dull, and I have considerable to pay about these times. No, I'd rather you'd get what you want at Parker's."

Mrs. Jones never opposed her husband very strongly in anything. She felt acutely, and had her own clear views in regard to what was useful and proper, but her disposition was yielding, a little too much so, it may be admitted.

"Very well," she answered, almost

meekly, "if you desire it, I will get what I want at Parker's."

Mr. Jones was relieved by this expedient, and his money remained in his pocket. For stronger reasons, it never for a moment occurred to him that he was requiring his independent, sensitive-minded wife to submit to something like humiliation in going to a store-keeper and requesting him to charge the goods she bought.

"You'd better get all you want, Mary," he said in a light, cheerful way, as he was leaving the house; "the bill won't come until the end of the year."

Mr. Jones had nearly twice the amount in his purse, that his wife had asked for, and the fact that it was still in his possession gave him a comfortable feeling of ease in money matters. On his way to his place of business, a pair of china vases captivated his fancy, and on the impulse of the moment he stepped into the store, and inquired the price.

"Fifteen dollars," was the answer.

"Dearest than I supposed," said he, in rather a disappointed voice, and Mr. Jones was turning away, when the store-keeper, reading his customer at a glance, said:

"For the price, sir, they're the cheapest pair of vases in the store. I sold Mrs. Gardner—she lives in West End—just such a pair for eighteen dollars. They are very cheap in design."

And the dealer handed the vases dexterously, and showed them to the best advantage.

"They're handsome enough, and I should like very well to own them, but money is money now-a-days. We look at fifteen dollars twice before we conclude to spend that sum for an article we may do without."

"Take them for fourteen," said the dealer; "that is only a little above cost."

Mr. Jones could not resist the temptation.

"Very well. Send them home," said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out his purse.

"What a pleasant surprise I will give Mary," thought Mr. Jones, as he stepped from the china dealer's store.

"Our parlor mantel-pieces need some ornaments, and these vases are just the thing. And they're so cheap."

Fourteen dollars from twenty left but the small balance of six. Mr. Jones was expert in figures, and it did not take him long to do this sum in subtraction. He felt considerably poorer on reaching his place of business, and half-inclined to call himself a fool for spending so much money for an article in no way necessary for home comfort.

The presentation of a bill from a blind-maker of ten dollars, whom he had called upon in the Spring, to give a better appearance to his parlor windows, depressed the thermometer of his feelings somewhat more in the neighborhood of zero.

Nothing could be spared on that day from the business fund, as there were several payments to be met, and Mr. Jones had a partner who kept the cash, and who always looked a little abashed when the drafts on private account were larger or more frequent than he thought the business justified. His partner had as large a family to support as Mr. Jones, but he contrived to do it on several hundred dollars less in a year.

It did occur to Mr. Jones to pay half the blind-maker's bill, but as that would leave only one dollar, he dismissed the thought instantly. To be left with only one dollar in his pocket would answer for nothing in the world.

At dinner, Mr. Jones started homeward, thinking, as he walked along, of the beautiful vases, and of the pleasure they had given his wife. He had still six dollars in his pocket. Partly recovered from the depressing effect of the blind-maker's bill, he began once more to feel a little comfortable about money matters. His six dollars made a very nice little sum; and as he glanced along the shop-windows as he moved along, he began to admit the tempter once more into his heart. A box of building-blocks, just the thing for little Eddy, caught his eye as he passed the "Temple of Fancy," and he could not resist the desire he felt to go in and ask the price.

"One dollar," said the salesman.

"A cheap pleasure," thought Mr. Jones, and "I'll take them" fell from his lips.

With five dollars safely resting in his purse, and a package of building-blocks for little Eddy, in his hands, Mr. Jones now pursued his way homeward, elated with pleasure at the thought of how gratified his wife would be with the vases, and how delighted Eddy would be with his building-blocks. Arrived at home, his dead-latch-key turned briskly in the lock, and he entered with light, almost springing footsteps. First glancing into the parlor to see if the vases had arrived, he found them really looking elegant, and threw an air of taste over the whole apartment. A little while he remained enjoying the sight, and then went up to his wife's sitting-room.

Mrs. Jones received her husband with her accustomed smile, though it was not as bright a one as he had expected to see illuminate her countenance.

"What is this?" she inquired, as he laid the package he had brought home in her lap.

"Some building-blocks for Eddy."

"Dear little fellow! he will be so delighted," murmured Mrs. Jones, as she broke the string, and removed the wrapper from the box.

"Where is he?" inquired the father.

"He's asleep."

"Oh! how do you like your vases?"

Mr. Jones spoke as though the vases had just come into his thoughts, though, if the truth be told, they had been uppermost in his mind since he crossed the threshold of his door.

"They are very beautiful, Jacob," replied his wife, as she looked up affectionately into her husband's face. Yet the words were not uttered with a heartiness that satisfied his expectations. Nor was he altogether sure that it was not increased humility that gave to her eyes their unwelcome luster.

"I knew they were just what you wanted, dear," said Mr. Jones, in so tender a voice, that his wife could not longer deny to what was in her heart.

More pain than pleasure had the vases already given to Mrs. Jones, for she had too distinct a remembrance of her husband's words in the morning, when she asked him for money to buy things needed in the family, to feel comfortable in the possession of what was merely ornamental.

"They were only fourteen dollars," said Mr. Jones; "and so cheap," continued he, "that I could not resist the temptation of buying them."

If his ear did not deceive him, a faint sigh had breathed through the lips of his wife. He looked earnestly at her, but her head was bent down, and he was not able to see the expression of her face.

(Concluded next week.)

A regular diet cures more people than physic.

EARLY RISING.—An English philosopher says he never knew a man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; and Doctor Franklin says: "He who rises late, may trot all day but never overtake his business." Nevertheless, the Boston Post "does not believe that every man seen running through the streets, at day-break every morning, will rise to eminence," or be successful in business.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory is from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not allow his daughter to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalie to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it."

The father, in silence, took a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not hurt you, my child, take it," Eulalie did so, and beheld the beautiful white hand was soiled, and, as it changed, her white dress.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalie, with vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father, "you see, my child, that coals, if they do not burn, they blacken so it is with the company of the vicious."

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding.

An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, and twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other signs of elation, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the palate, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the most valuable accomplishment of the two.

In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, and another has an abominable sing-song; evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watt's hymns when he was young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; and another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

Duties of Parents to Schools.

1. Parents should send their children to school constantly and seasonably.

2. They should see that they are decently clothed, and cleanly in their persons.

3. They should encourage them to respect and obey the rules and requirements of the school.

4. They should encourage them to be orderly in their deportment, and studiously to regard right.

5. They should encourage them to be studious by manifesting an interest in their lessons.

6. They should have regard for the character of the books their children read, and see that they read understandingly.

7. They should cultivate in their children habits of true politeness and courtesy.

8. Besides visiting the school and co-operating and sympathizing with the teacher, they can do much for its improvement and success, by manifesting at all proper places, an interest in its welfare, and a deep solicitude for its reputation; by speaking well of the teacher, and of all his judicious plans; by palliating or excusing his faults or failings, (of which every teacher must be expected to have some,) and by inducing their neighbors to visit the school and take an interest in its exercises; thus showing to their children, in the most convincing manner, that they feel that their present employment is an important one, and that the duties of school are not to be regarded as of little consequence.

Fate of the Apostles.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword, at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil, at Rome, but escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or a wing of the Temple, and then beat to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive, by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, near Malabar, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death by arrows.

St. Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

St. Mathias was stoned and then beheaded.

Small Debts.

The present evil, says the Providence Journal, is the want of confidence in those who are entitled to confidence. Panic is governed by no law; it sweeps through the system like a whirlwind, no one can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, and its track is marked only by the devastation that it leaves behind it. But an unfounded panic, or a panic that is unreasonably exaggerated, always strikes with the greatest force upon those who are least informed, and least capable of taking a comprehensive view of the causes, and of looking through the clouds into the light of the future. The weight of such a kind of panic, and always increases, and extends it. Men are apt to say that they need all their money to pay their notes, and that they can spare nothing to pay their small bills. Now, independent of the injustice of this, it is the worst possible policy, individual and public. The man who pays his small bills punctually and cheerfully, inspires confidence in his own standing, and adds materially to the general relief. A bill of ten or twenty dollars promptly paid, may be the means of settling ten times that amount in the course of a day. There are traders whose whole receipts are in small bills, and who are driven to the banks for these bills, and not paid, and who come upon the bank with claims that cannot be resisted, and in competition with the larger class of customers, who wisely withhold the supplies as small in themselves, but so large in the aggregate.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Gladly now we gather around it,  
For the loving day is done,  
All the gray and silver tresses  
Follow down the golden sun;  
Shadows lengthen in the pavement,  
Stalks like giants through the gloom,  
Wander past the dusky casement,  
Creep along the fire-light room.

Draw the curtain, close the shutter,  
Place the lamp by the fire—  
Though the rain beats loudly matter,  
What care we for spirits here?

What care we for outward seeming,  
Fickle fortune's frown or smile,  
If around us love is beaming?  
Love can human life beguile.

Neath the cottage roof and palace,  
From the peasant to the king,  
All are quelling from life's chaos,  
Bubbles that evanescent bring.

Green are glowing, music flowing,  
From these lips we love the best—  
Oh! the joy, the bliss of knowing  
These are hearts on which to rest.

Hearts that thrill with eager gladness,  
Hearts that echo to our own—  
Bring the glowing hours of youth,  
Mingle with us in love and fun.

Care may tread the hills of daylight,  
Sadness haunt the midnight hour;  
But the wind and whispering twilight  
Bring the glow of youth—(oh! how dear.)  
Alas! our latest feelings,  
Childhood's well-remembered shrine,  
Spirit yearnings, sad revelations,  
Wealth's immortal and true twin.

"There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely beam,  
Where joy and light are fled;  
For think in every graveyard  
The little life lies,  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky."

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived.

Wind up your conduct like a watch, every day examining minutely whether you are fast or slow.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for making it.

Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not become a shiftless vagabond, or a professional office-seeker, when he becomes a man.

He who waits for to-morrow to accomplish that which is profitable or useful, will find that to-morrow to be on the other side of eternity.

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being; they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in the sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unattractive is human nature!

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

We wind up a watch in order to see it going, but when we hear of a merchant talking of "winding up" his affairs, we arrive at the sage conclusion that his time has come, or, more properly, that he has stopped.

Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chattering with his fellow squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest tail-bearers among his tribe.

The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy to be loved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience, the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about.

—J. P. Richter.

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